

THE LOMA ALTA CAFE

Bill's cooking this morning, hung over, hot and grouchy from having spent fifty dollars last night buying drinks for some chick in the Acapulco Club, trying like hell to get laid and striking out.

Sylvia, the waitress, comes out of the bathroom twirling her panties over her head, saying, "Bill, no undies under the dress today, hot shot."

"Ouch," says Bill, burning himself with some hot grease.

"Sylvia puts her panties in her purse and walks out to the dining room to take care of her tables.

Ruth and Ellis, regular customers, are arm wrestling across their table to see who's going to pay for breakfast. Sylvia comes up and says, "You folks ready to order yet?"

Ellis, red faced, veins standing out in his neck, says, "Just as soon as I beat this bitch," through clenched teeth. Ruth just closes her eyes, sweat beading up on her forehead.

"Okie dokie," says Sylvia, spinning around, dress flaring up high.

Ellis catches a glimpse; his jaw falls open. Ruth slams his hand to the table.

Bill, watching through the service window, flips a pair of over easys onto the floor.

THE WEEKEND BEGINS

Bill got off work. He walked across the parking lot to his Chevette, threw his lunch box in the back seat, tried to start her. Nothing. He got the crescent wrench out of the glove compartment, opened the hood and tightened the battery cables. He tried it again. It fired right up. He stopped at the convenience store for a six-pack. There were two teenaged girls sitting leaned up against the store's front window eating candy bars and smoking. He watched them before he got out of the car. He liked all that make-up, especially the blue stuff over the eyes. He heard the blonde girl call somebody a 'flat out geek' as he pushed through the door.

He came out of the store with his beer and walked by them, close, so he could look down their blouses.

The dark-haired girl said, "I don't believe it."

Bill made a sandwich and turned on the T.V. He drank four beers, then decided to go over to the new topless place down on Hill Street.

He sat down at the bar for the best view of the stage. He bought a four-dollar beer and tipped the girl a dollar. Then he watched a small Filipino woman with large, stick-out brown nipples dance. She made eye contact with him and licked her lips, cupping her hands under her breasts, grinding her little hips.

Bill licked his lips back.

She turned around and wiggled her g-stringed ass at him. He downed his beer, put his hands up on the bar and hoisted himself up over it and onto the stage. He said, "I'm gonna suck your nipples."

She moved back, still dancing to the beat, said, "C'mon," hands out in front of her, palms up, beckoning. She could see Randall coming across the bar.

Randall was the bouncer: six foot five, two eighty, hands big as dinner plates. He grabbed Bill by the collar and escorted him outside to the parking lot. He told Bill that you weren't allowed to touch the girls and you sure as hell weren't allowed up on stage with them. He told him that he could come back inside if he promised to behave himself. Bill said that he didn't think he could. Randall told him that he'd better just go home then. Bill agreed with him.

The two boys rode up to the convenience store on their skateboards. "Hey Brett. Look, it's Nicole and Trina."

"Oh man," said Troy. They bumped their skateboards up on the sidewalk.

"Hi Brett. Hi Troy," said the girls.

"Hi."

"Hi."

The girls stood up, bending over so the boys could see their breasts. "You'll never guess what happened," said Nicole, "This old guy walked by us and tried to look down our blouses. God, he was so obvious."

"Dirty old man, huh?" said Brett

"Yeah. I guess he got a thrill."

Troy said, "Gimme a cigarette, Trina." They went around the corner and down to the elementary school playground. Trina let Troy get his hands up under her blouse to feel her breasts, tease the pink nipples.

Nicole started making out with Brett and got carried away. He spread his jacket out on the moist grass. Troy and Trina sat down on the swings and watched their dark shapes moving on the ground, listened to the noises they were making.

The Filipino girl had the early shift, off at eleven. Steve was sitting on the couch, stoned, watching an old Godzilla movie on T.V. with the sound turned down. She sat down next to him and picked up the burnt-out joint from the ash tray. She lit it and took a hit. "You'll never believe what happened at work tonight. This bozo jumped up on the stage with me while I was dancing, said he wanted to suck my nipples." Steve could see them pushing through her t-shirt. He reached over and pushed it up, felt her hard, flat, brown belly.

"I'll bet he did."

"He did. Really. He jumped over the bar and got right up on the stage. Randall had to grab him."

Bill bought another six-pack on the way home. He drank two of them in the car on the way. He put the rest in the refrigerator, masturbated, then took a shower. He turned on the T.V. and got another beer, switched the channels around, stopped when he saw Godzilla walking down a skyscraper-lined street, hundreds of little Japanese people running away from him.

The boys rode off on their skateboards. The girls headed over to Nichole's house. Her mother had a date with that grotty Doug and she probably wouldn't be home all night. Nichole went into the bathroom to douche. Next time she was going to make Brett wear a rubber, for sure.

Trina turned on the T.V. "Hey Nichole. There's a movie on with a dragon or something."

"A dragon?" said Nichole from the bathroom.

Godzilla breathed a puff of fire, knocked down a skyscraper, roared to the heavens. "Oh God. How fake." said Trina.